

SEPTEMBER 1922

Little Folks

THE CHILDREN'S
MAGAZINE

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LITTLE FOLKS

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

The October Number

The Story of Sidappa

Hebe Spaull

A thrilling tale of India and of the unselfishness of a boy who became a hero by a daring act of quick decision.

Isabel

Annette Wynne

An unusual poem for Columbus Day, by Miss Wynne, who knows how to write poetry that sings while it makes us think.

Woman's Wit

Howard Pyle

A wonder tale by the great artist, who could tell fairy tales that held even grown-ups breathlessly interested. This is the tale of a Genii and of magic which was strong enough to move mountains, but could not perform a simple feat proposed by a woman.

Trixie and the Flower Fairies

Margaret Johnson

The picture story, which is fascinating for little lookers-at-pictures, tells about Betty Bluebell, a little girl who liked to run away.

Finny-Foot, the Water Puppy

Allen Chaffee

The little seal hunts for his mother and hides from the killer whales. He makes a friend who helps him in his search. Allen Chaffee's story has the thrill of adventure, but is still true to fact, for the writer studies her subjects in their own environment and knows, first-hand, whereof she writes.

The Land of the Gay Baboon

Lucille Gulliver

At last the Gay Baboon decides to find companions of his own sort. He sails away to the land of baboons, with the help of the North Wind, and the South Wind, and the East Wind, and the West Wind, and he finds other little baboons, who welcome him home with squeals of joy.

The Little Princess of Honeypot Hill

Constance V. Frazier

This is the last chapter of the serial which Little Folks readers have enjoyed fully as well as any story that we have published — judging by the letters we receive from them.

The Something to Do Department

The October Paper Doll is Donald Armstrong, and he is the groom of the pretty Gertrude Dean, the bride paper doll in this issue. There's a fascinating Dot Puzzle to draw, another page of the Picture Book to color, a paper toy to make, and riddles and letters from little people all over the world.



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SEPTEMBER

GOLDEN in the garden,
 Golden in the glen,
Golden, golden, golden
 September's here again!
Golden in the tree tops,
 Golden in the sky---
Golden, golden, golden,
 September's going by!

Annette Wynne

From "For Days and Days," published by Frederick A. Stokes Co.



BACK TO SCHOOL AGAIN

LITTLE FOLKS

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1922

NO. 11



NEVER, never, in all of their lives had the hens about Mammy Cleo's cabin been so excited; not one of them dared to lay an egg and say a word about it, for if they so much as cackled, Little Miss Gingersnap was sure to come after them with her five little pig-tails a-flopping about her head, while she got that egg, then into the house she would go, calling, "I got another one!"

It wasn't any secret what they were doing with those eggs in that cabin, though the old hens were wondering about it. Mammy Cleo was making a birthday cake for Little Miss Gingersnap, and with all the stirring and whishing and beating, and the nice smelling that went on in that old yellow cabin, and with Gingersnap a-putting pine knots in the oven, and the fire a-popping, it was no wonder folks were excited.

At last the cake was baked and frosted and decorated with little red candies and, while Mammy went off up the Big Road to get the washing up at the Big House, Gingersnap went out on the old bench under the fig tree to wait for time to have her party. She tried to sew a patch over the hole in her red-spotted apron, but it was useless for her to try and sit on that old bench and sew.

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The needle didn't seem to know how to make stitches and Gingersnap didn't seem to know how to make it. All the time the little pig-tail of hair that hung over the front of her face kept telling her how nice the yard was to skip about in, and the little pig-tail of hair that hung over the back and was supposed to watch the buttons on the back of her apron kept tickling her so that she just could not keep still, so she didn't stay still very long. She got up and danced over the pansy



bed and, bump! — right into an old man who was coming into the gate.

"Oh, excuse me, Sir!"

"Certainly, Honey, certainly! I was just passing 'long down the Big Road and saw as how you looked kind of lonesome, so I thought I would stop in and pass the time o' day with you. My! a person does get mighty tired traveling these hot days."

Now Gingersnap looked at the old man, but she didn't think she had ever seen him before, although his voice did sound rather COMMON to her, like she might have heard it before. The old man was so dusty and uncombed that she did not like very much to talk to him, but her Mammy had told her to be polite, so she invited him over to sit on the old bench under the fig tree. After all, the more she LISTENED

to him, the nicer his voice seemed. They talked about the cotton crop and the speckled kitten, and at last Gingersnap just had to tell him about it being her birthday.

"Law, Child, I can hardly believe that you are having another birthday. Surely not?"

"If you don't believe me, just come in and see my nice cake. It took ten eggs to make that cake, counting the frosting; one egg for each of my fingers."

"Cake! Birthday Cake? Law, I don't think I ever saw a real birthday cake. Are you sure it is a cake?" said the old man with a funny wink in his old eye as he hobbled in after Gingersnap.

Into the cabin they went, the old man holding his ragged old hat in his hand. There, on the table, Gingersnap showed him the pretty white cake sparkling like white snow, and the red candies making it so wonderful.

The old man sniffed, he snuffed, he bent over the cake, until Gingersnap pulled him by the coat tails for fear he would fall onto it.

Then he said, "Just like I thought. Your Mammy put the frosting on that cake too soon. If you don't look out, that cake is going to blow up! Yes, mam! BLOW UP and knock the roof off this cabin and maybe blow you-all clear up to the moon. That cake is red hot inside and pretty soon the heat has got to go somewhere."

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Gingersnap, backing away.

"Yes Honey, you just listen to me! Now if you cut the top off that cake before it blows up, you can eat it. Frosting is mighty good and I'll help you, if you want any help."

"Oh! I don't want our nice cabin to blow up," said Gingersnap as she flew about and hunted up the butcher knife. Just as she was ready to slice off the frosting, a knock at the door made her put down the knife. She opened the door, and as she did so, the old man slipped out and flung off up the Big Road without saying good-bye, but it did not matter much, for on the step stood another man, older than the first man,

but my! he was so shiny and dressed up that he made her feel quite sociable. Gingersnap made a little bow and tried to remember which were her best company manners. The old man took off his hat, a nice black silk one. Over his back he carried a shiny sack, stuffed full of SOMETHING.

"Good morning, Miss, I hear that you are going to have a birthday party, and as I know your folks real well, I thought I would stop in and wish you well. Did you know who that old man was that slipped out the door?"

Gingersnap was getting so fuddled up with callers, that all she could do was to shake her head.

"Well, Honey, I am ashamed to say that he is my brother, TEMPTATION, but he isn't any good! Nice folks don't pay much attention to him."

"But he told me that my nice cake is going to explode, if I don't cut the top off it and let out the hot air."

"Maybe if I come in and look at that cake, I can tell."

"Do please!"

The old man went in and put his fat sack on a chair. Then he put his shiny hat on top of it. Like Old Man Temptation, he sniffed and snuffed over the cake until Gingersnap was afraid he would fall onto it, so she grabbed him by the coat tails.

"Well that old brother of mine was right this time. You had better slice off the top of that cake at once before the whole cabin blows away."

Gingersnap took the knife and that old man helped her slice off the pretty top. Now Gingersnap was a little surprised to see how *cool* the cake looked inside, but there was nothing to do but eat the frosting and the old man helped her, singing funny little songs to her and making her laugh. Gingersnap asked him what he had in his sack.

"Lots of things for the folks about here that they have been asking for and do not really want. But folks that make wishes are pretty apt to get those wishes, so I am taking them their things."

"Anything in that sack for me?"



GINGERSNAP WAS AFRAID HE WOULD FALL ONTO IT

"Maybe-so-child! maybe! I'll be giving you a little package before I go." Just as he reached into his bag someone came up the little path, singing. It was Mammy Cleo. That old man grabbed his hat and popped out the door just like his old brother had done. When Mammy came in, she saw the cake with its top gone.

"Old Mister Trouble has been here?" she said.

"Law Mammy! Was that who that old man was? He talked so nice."

Then she told her Mammy about both of her visitors.

"Yes Honey, that was Old Man Trouble and his brother Temptation. They talk that smooth and nice to make you listen. Time and again I told you to mind how you talk to strangers. Nice folks don't come a-meddling into your affairs like that. Likewise, if you had been sewing that patch on your checkered apron, they wouldn't 'a noticed you, nohow!—

"Those old men would have known it ain't no use to talk to you because you are minding your own business. Now I am going back to the Big House to stay all night and you can fix your own party with a cake that has got the frosting sliced off. Reckin' you had better know that old man had his sack filled with tears and lickings for folks that listen to him."

After Mammy was gone Gingersnap felt so badly that she



IN AT THE WINDOW CAME SEVEN LITTLE MOONBEAMS

went and wrapped the old checkered blanket about her and crawled in the feather-bed. She hadn't any more than got herself settled than someone called:

"Gingersnap! Gingersnap!" The little girl went to the door and looked out. There was Mother South-Wind, with her nice starchy apron fanning about a big basket on her arm. Gingersnap knew that she was a friend, so she ran and put her arms about the old Lady.

"There Honey, I know all about it, I was working in the garden, when those old men came calling. 'Deed I would have come right in then, but I had on my work apron. Then I heard your Mammy tell you to have your party by yourself. Guess a party's no good by one's self, so, seeing that I hadn't been to a party for a long time, thought I would come."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Gingersnap, "but my cake is ruined."

"We can fix the cake nicely. I have a bunch of roses I was going to put on a vine, but we will fix that cake first."

Mother South-Wind went right in. She helped Gingersnap into her yellow dress with the sash. She put on the white table cloth. She covered that cake with pretty red roses. From her basket she took two peaches. They made sandwiches, they made coffee, and then who should hop out of that basket but seven little sun-babies. In at the window came seven little moonbeams. Out of the wood box came a

little gray mouse. It was a wonderful party. Mother South-Wind sang songs. Gingersnap said pieces. The mouse did the most wonderful dances. The moonbeams danced with the sunbeams until your eyes almost hurt with the pretty light. No one lighted the lamp, the moonbeams and the sunbeams made it light enough, and at last they ate the supper, even to the last crumb which the little gray mouse carried away behind the wood box.

At last Mother South-Wind packed up her roses and she, with the sunbeams and the moonbeams, kissed Little Miss Gingersnap who was fast asleep in the old chair by the table.

And when she awoke who should be standing by her, but her own Mammy, giving her a red silk dress that she had just finished making, up at the Big House for a birthday present.



FLOWER FRIENDS

By Frances McK. Morton

A flower can not speak a word,
Nor sing and whistle like a bird—
It can not bark as puppies do,
Nor mew, as little kittens mew,
But it's so beau-ti-ful to see,
It seems quite like a friend to me.



TINY PIG TREMBLED AND BOWED HIS HEAD

(492)



CLARENCE BIERS - 22

"HELLO! HELLO! WHY, WE'RE GETTING A SHOWER!"

THE TINY PIG WHO COULD NOT SING

By Clarence Biers

ON a broad, smooth rock at the side of the road sat Tiny Pig. He was such a chubby, pinky-white piggie that I know you would have liked him the minute you set eyes on him. But now his plump little face was all streaked and dirty. The great tears rolled sadly down his cheeks; then they dripped, and they dripped, and dripped, making wee splashes when they fell into the dust.

"Hello! Hello! Why, we're getting a shower!" cried a cherry voice. "I declare, this should be splendid for the grass, if you'd only move your head a bit so all those big tears wouldn't be wasted on this dusty road."

Tiny Little Pig looked up.

There stood Mrs. Goose, her basket on her wing. She was on her way to the meadow to gather dandelion greens for her lunch.

My, but Tiny Little Pig did feel ashamed. He hung his head and sniffled.

Mrs. Goose poked him gently with her wing. "You just better tell me all about it, Tiny Little Pig," said she.

Now, surely you know that even little pigs like to have someone to tell their troubles to. Tiny Little Pig was so miserable that he didn't care much what he did say. Of course, maybe he'd be sorry later for having behaved so badly, but he didn't think of that then — more's the pity.

"You know," he began, "how beautifully Mr. Robin can sing."

Mrs. Goose's sunbonnet bobbed back and forth pleasantly as she nodded her head.

"Well," Tiny Little Pig went on, wiping his eyes, "I want



MR. AND MRS. ROBIN DIPPED THE LILY INTO THE WATER UNTIL IT BRIMMED

to be able to sing as well as he does. Or even better. Yes, better than he does. I will, I will! And I can't, I can't, I can't! You know what my voice is —"

"Yes, indeed," broke in Mrs. Goose. "Go on, please."

"I-I guess there isn't much more to tell," muttered Tiny Little Pig. "Only, I just hate that Mr. Robin. Oh, I hate him, hate him! Why should he be able to sing when I can only grunt? Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Then he stopped. He looked up.

Now, what do you imagine was happening?

Laughing as hard as ever she could laugh, there stood Mrs. Goose. Yes, sir, there she was, right in front of that sad and mad little pig, a-laughing fit to burst!

"Why, the very idea of it, Mrs. Goose!" cried Tiny Little Pig, sitting up very straight.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, truly I do," laughed Mrs. Goose. "It just struck me so funny. Why, any old goose would know what you ought to do. That's why *I* know, if you should happen to ask me. Go and ask the King to help you, that's all."

Well, well, this *was* a new idea. Tiny Little Pig was overjoyed. As Mrs. Goose was waddling away he called his thanks to her most politely. He could hear her chuckling, "Why, even a goose would know that."

Tiny Little Pig hurried to a pool across the road. He dipped his handkerchief into the water, and then he washed his fat little face until it shone. No, he didn't even forget his ears, either. He brushed the dust from his clothes.

Soon he looked neat and clean, so he started on his way to see the King. Still, he did not feel as happy and as hopeful as he had thought. Down in his heart — way, way down — a tiny voice was saying, "I hate him, I hate him! Why should he be able to sing when I can't?"

At last he reached the gates of the Palace. Luckily for him, this happened to be the day the good King had set aside for any of his subjects who had troubles to come to him for help. That was why no one stopped Tiny Little Pig as he wandered slowly over the marble pavement of the Palace.

Just then a servant appeared. "Kindly follow me," he said, and almost before he knew it Tiny Little Pig found himself before the King.

Now, I am glad to tell you that this particular King had a very kindly look, although he looked as though he could be also very, very cross if need be. He sat upon his throne, and on either side of the room stood a line of his servants.

Tiny Little Pig trembled and bowed his head.

"And what may your troubles be, my little piglet?" came in a kind voice from the King.

Then Tiny Little Pig told his story. "And so," he finished, "I came to hate Mr. Robin because he can sing and I cannot, and I have come to beg Your Majesty to help me, if it so pleases you, my King."



"THANK YOU, MR. ROBIN!"

"I am sorry," said the King, "that I cannot do as you would have me. But I can help no one who has hate in his heart. The best thing for you to do is start for home. Perhaps something may happen to drive the hate from your heart, and then — who knows? — you may be surprised. Farewell, my little piglet."

A moment later Tiny Little Pig was outside the door of the Throne Room. To be sure, he had seen the King. Yes. But he was no nearer to having the power to sing, and his

heart was heavy. Even kings, you know, cannot do everything.

Tiny Little Pig started homeward. It was a hot and dusty walk. The sun burned down upon him, and before he had gone far he felt very tired and thirsty. His throat was so dry, but he could not find water of any kind. He stumbled to the side of the road and sank upon the grass. "Oh, if I only, only had a few drops of water to drink," he moaned.

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Robin were passing by. Mr. Robin happened to spy the unhappy little pig, and heard the words he was mumbling.

"We must help him," said Mr. Robin. Quickly the two birds flew to a pond which nestled, well hidden from the road, near some thick-growing bushes. Mr. and Mrs. Robin pulled and tugged until they had broken a water lily from its stem. They dipped it into the clear water until it brimmed. Then they picked it up, one on either side, and flew with it to where Tiny Little Pig sat moaning.

So very thirsty was Tiny Little Pig that he took the dainty cup which was offered him and drank and drank, without even glancing up.

When he had finished drinking he lifted his head. Well, well, well, how ashamed he did feel when he saw who had done this kind deed for him.

But then a wonderful thing happened. A well of kindness bubbled up in his heart. "Thank you, Mr. Robin," he said softly. "I feel so much better now, thanks to your thoughtfulness. I like you, Mr. Robin, I do — from the bottom of my heart."

At that instant a little black imp flew swiftly away. It was Hate, you see, fleeing from Tiny Little Pig's heart.

Tiny Little Pig began to hop and skip towards home. He danced and pranced and jumped with joy because everything suddenly seemed very beautiful. Happiness, you see, had come into his heart since Hate fled.

"Why," cried Tiny Little Pig, "my heart is singing, singing! My heart is singing like a bird! And if my heart can sing like that — well, I guess that's all the singing I need wish."

And Tiny Little Pig skipped gaily up the road, and his heart kept singing beautifully.

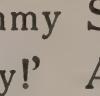


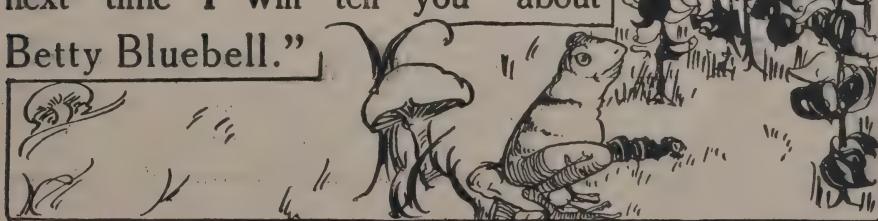
Trixie and the Flower Children.

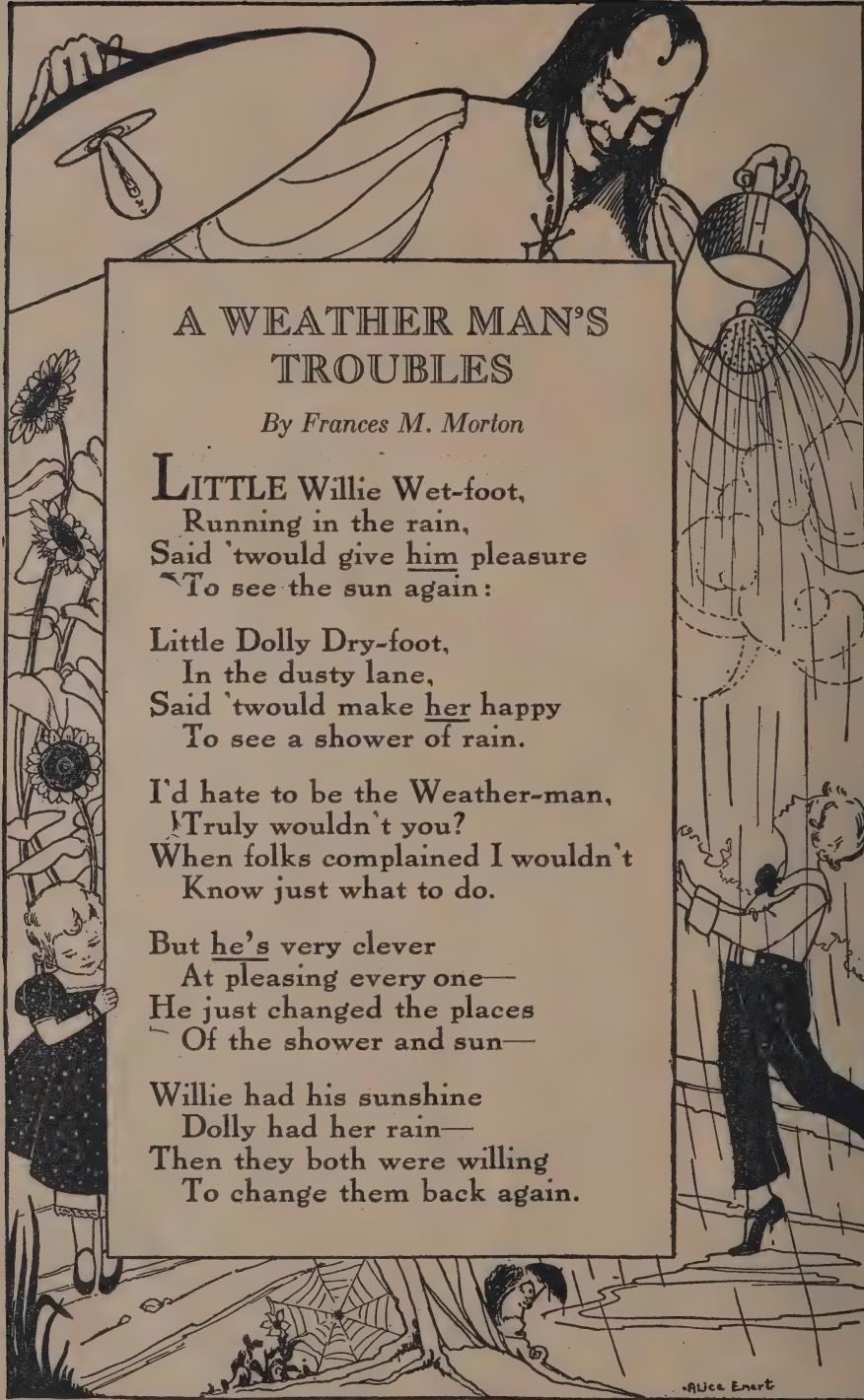
X.



SAMMY SUNFLOWER," said Uncle Joe, "got out of the wrong side of the one morning. Oh, how cross he was! They lived down by the . They knew Prince, the black , and Spot the and Mrs. and all the little . 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!' crowed Mr. , flying up on the , just as the came up, and neighed and barked and all the Sunflowers lifted their bright and looked at the and laughed. But was so cross, he looked down at the ground and scowled. 'Fie, fie,' said Mrs. . 'All good little Sunflowers look at the . This can't be any child of mine. It must be a stranger. Shoo, shoo!' and she chased Sammy out of the and shut the . Then away ran Sammy to the to speak to , but did not know him, and away he ran to the to speak to , but growled at him, and away he ran to the to speak to Mrs. and the but they flew away from him. And then along came Mr. Bull-

frog, the  , with his  . 'Fie, fie,' said Mr.  , 'this can't be little Sammy  , looking down at the ground and scowling! All good little sunflowers look at the  . Let us chase him out of the garden!' 'Yes,' said Mr. Glowworm, the watchman, with his  , 'we must chase him out of the garden!' 'Shoo, shoo!' they cried. 'Oh, no, no!' cried  , 'I am Sammy Sunflower! Look at me now!' And pop, he lifted up his  and looked right at the  and laughed. 'Oho!' said  . 'So you are Sammy Sunflower after all! Run away home, Sammy!' And  ran away home, and Mrs.  was so glad to see him, she made the most beautiful gooseberry  for dinner and gave Sammy the very biggest  ! "And did Sammy always look at the  after that, Uncle Joe?" cried Trixie. "Always," said  . "Wherever the  may be in the sky, you will find Sammy twisting his  around to look at it. And next time I will tell you about Betty Bluebell."





A WEATHER MAN'S TROUBLES

By Frances M. Morton

LITTLE Willie Wet-foot,
Running in the rain,
Said 'twould give him pleasure
To see the sun again:

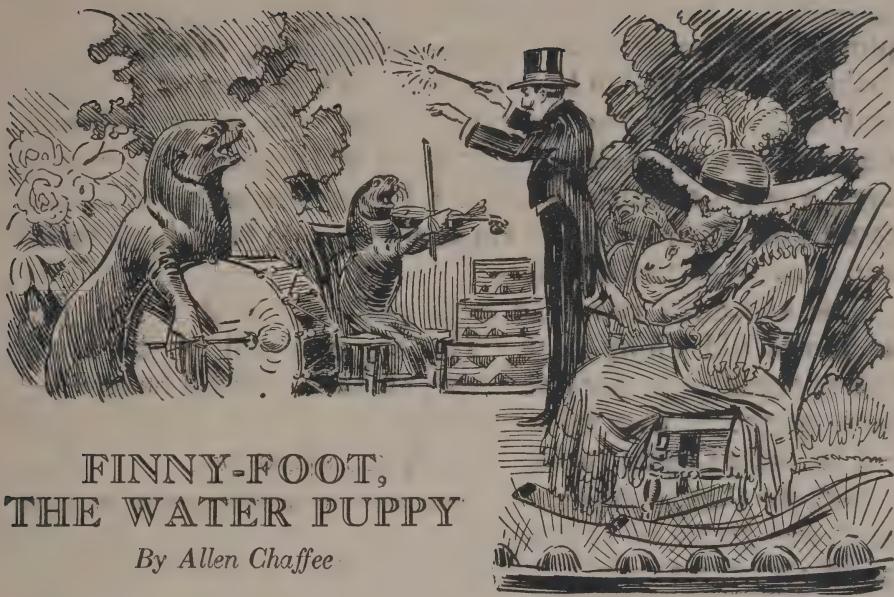
Little Dolly Dry-foot,
In the dusty lane,
Said 'twould make her happy
To see a shower of rain.

I'd hate to be the Weather-man,
Truly wouldn't you?
When folks complained I wouldn't
Know just what to do.

But he's very clever
At pleasing every one—
He just changed the places
Of the shower and sun—

Willie had his sunshine
Dolly had her rain—
Then they both were willing
To change them back again.

Alice Ernest



FINNY-FOOT, THE WATER PUPPY

By Allen Chaffee



THE LITTLE SEAL WAS CUNNING IN
HIS LONG WHITE DRESS

CHAPTER III.

The Trained Seals.

"**I**'VE got a trained seal," Pietro told the man at the ticket window, as he stood on tip-toe to buy his seat. He had earned the quarter by mending a net for a neighbor on Fisherman's Wharf.

"What's that?" demanded a sharp-eyed man behind him, who happened to be the owner of the show.

Pietro told him about Finny-Foot.

"Where do you live?" the man asked, with a peculiar gleam in his eye. But the boy was too over-awed by the mirrored magnificence of the theatre to wonder at his question.

The whole program, the usual vaudeville, entranced him. But when the trained seals appeared, his heart thrilled with delight. The curtain rose on a row of the clumsy fellows seated in a circle on upturned barrels, barking in chorus.

First came a barrel rolling contest, at which the audience applauded mightily, as it is rare to see trained seals. Pietro assured himself that Finny-Foot did as well as the best of them. There was a trick seal who was always hiding from the

showman. There was a mother seal in trailing skirts and plumed hat, holding her baby in her flappers. The little seal looked too cunning in his long dress. There were other tricks, and every move the animals made with their awkward flappers sent the audience into gales of laughter. There was even a seal orchestra, which set Pietro wondering how they could hold their violins. He could not see that both violin and bow were tied in place.

The showman rewarded each performer with a fish, just as Pietro did Finny-Foot. The big bull seal at the kettle drums would hammer away with all his might till he saw the man approach, then he would open his jaws for his fish and eat it, before again taking part in the symphony.

But the thing everyone enjoyed most was when a large glass tank was drawn on the stage. On an up-standing rock in the middle lay three seals, barking just as they might have off the shore of Monterey. The showman threw in a fish, and all three dove for it. He threw them another, and another, then a whole handful of small, silver-shining fish, and the seals dove again and again for them, bringing them up in their jaws and holding them down with one flapper while they ate, if they were too large to swallow whole.

Pietro went home as proud as a peacock to think that his seal could do tricks as good as those people paid to see.

That evening, just as he had seated himself on the porch rail in the sunset glow, with Finny-Foot scrambling awkwardly for his supper, the showman appeared.

"Now where is that seal?" he asked briskly.

Finny-Foot was put through his paces, the boy proud and flattered by the showman's interest.

"What will you take for him?" the man asked at last. "I need another seal for my pyramid act."

"What's that?" Pietro's father called through the window.

"I'll give you five dollars for that seal," said the showman, holding out a greenback.

"But I don't want to sell him," said Pietro promptly.

"Better take it," advised his father. "It will buy a new coat for school."

"Do I have to, Father?" looking up anxiously.

"As you please. It is your seal."

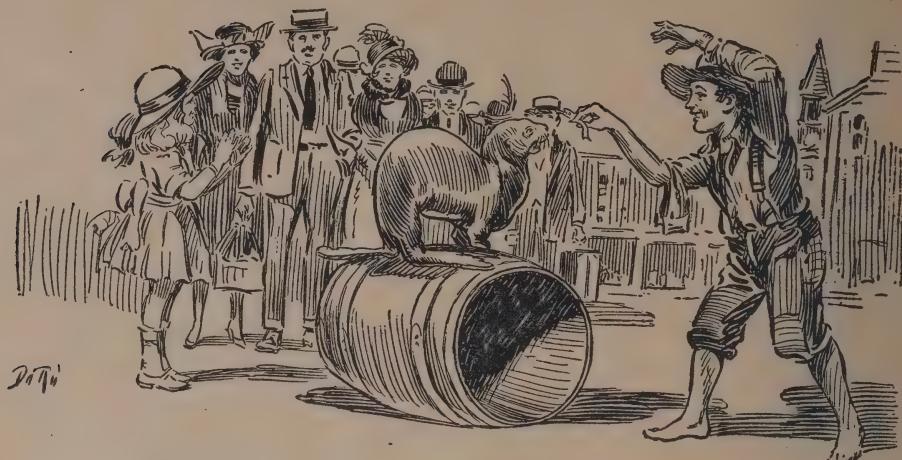
The showman, seeing the boy's hesitation, added a one dollar bill to the five in his hand. Pietro looked at the money, then at his ragged jacket. Six dollars would mean a lot to him. Then he looked down at Finny-Foot, whose round, puppy-like eyes were fastened on his trustingly. He wondered if the showman was kind to his seals. Then he remembered the whip he had snapped at them when they were slow to obey a command. Besides, how could a seal be happy so far from the ocean he loved?

"No!" decided the fisherman's boy. Nor did an offer of more money change his mind. He only hugged his pet to his ragged coat and shook his curly head. Nor could the showman persuade Pietro's father to interfere with him.

After that the boy fell to thinking. Soon school would begin, and he must have shoes. One bright morning he took Finny-Foot in his arms, and made his way to the Ferry Building, where he sometimes earned a dime for carrying someone's suitcase. He was followed by a troupe of small boys and a dozen older people, who closed in about him in a circle when he set the seal on the ground. Borrowing an empty barrel from a man he knew at a fruit stand, he began putting the seal through his barrel-rolling trick. Then he passed his



ALL THREE SEALS DOVE FOR THE FISH



HE BEGAN PUTTING THE SEAL THROUGH HIS BARREL-ROLLING TRICK

hat. Nickels, dimes and pennies came pouring in,—mostly from the grown-up portion of his audience. When a ferryboat came in, pouring a new audience into the facade, he repeated his show. A third time he put Finny-Foot through his paces, and then passed the hat.

Then a policeman stopped him. It seemed that there were several reasons why he could not give another show, but he had already earned enough money to buy the new shoes.

After that Pietro had to leave Finny-Foot shut up all day while he went to school, and the young seal did not thrive. No longer would he caper joyously after the fish that were thrown him. No longer did his fur gleam velvety and his brown eyes shine. Pietro realized that a seal does not belong on dry land. He needs to live on the rocks off-shore, where he can dive for his dinner. Finny-Foot might even be homesick for the other seals. The boy's heart ached with pity.

Then he had an idea. When Saturday came, he went with his father in the fishing dory, and with them went Finny-Foot.

They were not heading toward where Pietro had found his pet, but he waited till he had scanned the water in every direction to make sure there were no sharks, nor killer whales, then he gave Finny-Foot one last pat on his puppy-like head and let him slip into the water.



HE GAVE FINNY-FOOT ONE LAST PAT AND LET HIM SLIP INTO THE WATER

The young seal, joyous once more with the feel of the salt tide, struck out for a point of rock he could just see above the wave tops. His muscles were soft from disuse, but just let him reach those rocks and rest awhile, and he would see if he could not find his way home!

(*To be continued*)

CARAVANS

By Annette Wynne

Caravans—

O what are they?
Lines and lines of camels
Fading into grey.

Lines of little grey dreams,
Fading out of sight.
Far and farther off it seems—
And then—dark night.

LITTLE TOAD AND OLD LION

Carrie B. R. Boyden



M. Hartwell

NCE upon a time, there was an Old Lion, who lived in a cave on the mountain side. He was a cross Old Lion and he roared and he roared until he disturbed all the little animals in the valley.

One time he roared all night so that no one could sleep. In the morning, the animals held a meeting to decide what they could do to stop Old Lion's roaring. They finally appointed a committee to appear before Old Lion and ask him what he would take to stop roaring nights so that the animals could sleep.

But all the committee were afraid to go to the Lion's cave, except Little Toad. Little Toad was afraid, too, but he put on a bold front and straightway climbed the mountain side.

Old Lion lay in the door of his cave and looked very fierce.

Little Toad trembled but he looked Old Lion straight in the eye.

"Please, dear Old Lion," he said, "do not harm me until you hear what I have come to say." Then he told Old Lion that the animals in the valley were very much disturbed by his roaring, nights, and added:



LITTLE TOAD TREMBLED BUT HE LOOKED OLD LION STRAIGHT IN THE EYE.

"We will bring you a bushel of potatoes from the Farmer's garden, if you will stop roaring."

But Old Lion did not care for potatoes.

"We will bring you a great big cabbage head," said Little Toad.

But Old Lion did not care for cabbage, or cold-slaw.

"We will bring you a big juicy watermelon," said Little Toad.

Now Old Lion loved watermelon better than anything else. "I will stop roaring," he agreed, "if you will bring me a great big ripe juicy watermelon."

So Little Toad hopped down the mountain. He told the animals about the bargain he had made with Old Lion. But they said:

"How are you going to get the watermelon up the mountain side?"

Little Toad did not know, but he hopped away to the Farmer's garden and found a nice big ripe juicy watermelon. Then he visited Mr. Farmer and told his story, and asked for help.

Now Mr. Farmer and his wife had been kept awake by Old Lion's roaring, too, so they would be glad to have it stopped.

"What will you do for me, Little Toad?" Mr. Farmer asked,

"if I carry the watermelon up the mountain for you?"

Little Toad looked around the garden:

"I will keep all the potato bugs off your potato plants," he said.

The Farmer thought this was a very good bargain, for the plants were loaded with potato bugs.

"All right," he said, and the Farmer took his wheelbarrow and carried the watermelon up the mountain side to the door of the cave.

So Little Toad kept his promise, and the Farmer kept his promise, and Old Lion kept his promise, and there was peace in the valley, and all the animals slept well,—for two months.

Then Old Lion became hungry for watermelon again, so he roared, and he roared, and he roared, until the animals in the valley could not stand it any longer.

So they told Little Toad to go up the mountain side and interview Old Lion again. Little Toad again put on a bold front, and appeared before the door of the cave.

"What do you mean by roaring again?" he said. "You promised you wouldn't if I sent up a big juicy watermelon."

Old Lion just blinked one eye sleepily. "The watermelon was not big enough," he said.

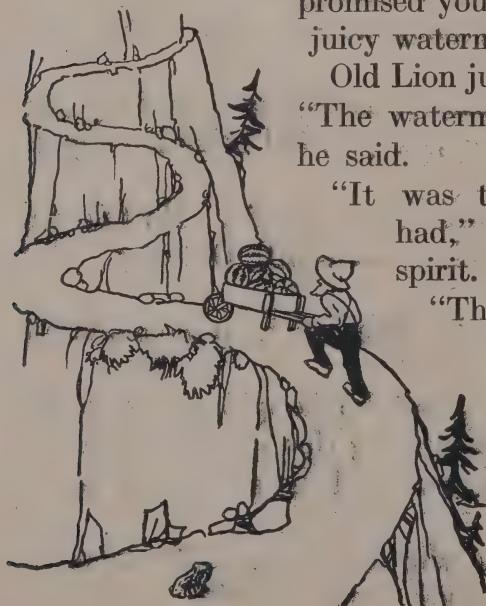
"It was the biggest one the farmer had," answered Little Toad, with spirit.

"Then you should have sent more than one," replied greedy Old Lion.

Little Toad considered: "If I send you four watermelons, will you stop roaring?"

The Lion shook his head.

"Six?" offered Little Toad.



MR. FARMER CARRIED SEVERAL LOADS OF WATERMELONS UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.



OLD LION SAT DOWN AND ATE A GREAT BIG RIPE
JUICY WATERMELON

mountain side again. He knew he would get no help from the other animals, so he went directly to Mr. Farmer again.

Mr. Farmer looked surprised when he heard about the twelve watermelons; but Old Lion had disturbed him and Mrs. Farmer very much lately.

"What will you do for me, Little Toad?" he asked, "if I carry twelve watermelons up the mountain side?"

Little Toad promptly offered to continue keeping the potato bugs off the potato plants.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Farmer, "the bugs are all off now, and it is almost time to dig the potatoes."

Little Toad looked around and his eye fell on the flower garden.

"I will keep all the aster beetles off your asters," he said.

Now Mrs. Farmer had a bed of beautiful China asters of all colors of the rainbow, but this year the aster beetles had come in droves, and were eating every blossom as fast as it opened. Mrs. Farmer loved her asters, and Mr. Farmer loved Mrs. Farmer, so the bargain was made.

Next day, Mr. Farmer carried several loads of watermelons up the mountain side and left them at the door of Old Lion's cave.

Old Lion came out and was very well satisfied. He sat down

The Lion shook his head.

"Eight?" offered Little Toad.

Old Lion still shook his head.

"Twelve, and no more than," said Little Toad decidedly.

"That will do very well!" agreed Old Lion.

Little Toad hopped down the

and ate a great big ripe juicy watermelon. That tasted so good, that he ate the second great big ripe juicy watermelon, and that tasted so good that he ate the third great big ripe juicy watermelon, and that tasted so good that he ate the fourth great big ripe juicy watermelon, and that tasted so good that he kept right on, until he had eaten all twelve of those great big ripe juicy watermelons.

Then he lay down and fell fast asleep. And if you will believe me, that Old Lion never roared again! He never did anything, anymore, for he was dead.

Then there was peace down in the valley, and all the animals slept soundly every night, and Mr. and Mrs. Farmer were very grateful to Little Toad.

HOW THE BIRDS DO

By Frances McK. Morton

The little birds flit round about
And never wear their welcome out.
For when they're tired of all their play,
They just rise up and fly away.

Sometimes when Anne comes here to play,
I wish that she could fly away—
To tell her so would not be right,
For children ought to be polite!



LE PETIT HAD COME HOME!

THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF HONEYHOP HILL

By Constance V. Frazier

Chapter XI

A SURPRISE FOR THE HONEYGATHERERS

"SEE, Gene, see!" cried Raoul, one sunny September morning, as he came bounding into the stable where Gene was holding little Yvette up, so that she could give Bingo his lump of sugar. "See! At last it has come!"

Gene turned around so suddenly that Yvette nearly dropped the sugar. "What's come?" he demanded.

Raoul held out his hands so that Gene could see the pretty gray pigeon nestled contentedly between his palms. Le Petit had come home!

"I feared," Raoul explained, with a little sigh of relief, "I feared that he might attempt to fly home across the sea to our own dear France; but no! It is a wise pigeon, this Le Petit!"

"What I wonder," said Gene, "is whether Dot sent him, or whether he got away from her and just flew back home. See if there's a message, Raoul."

So Raoul carefully unfastened the little metal carrier on Pidgie's leg, and, sure enough, there was a thin, closely-folded piece of paper tucked inside.

"Is that a letter from Dorothy?" Yvette asked the two boys, whose heads were bent over the paper which Gene had unfolded on his knee. She took Pidgie into her own warm little hands and stroked the gray feathers softly.

"That's what it is, Yvette," answered Gene.

"You will do the kindness to read it?" asked Raoul, who found it much harder to read the queer English words than he did to speak them.

So, with Raoul leaning over his shoulder, and Yvette crowding close to his knee, Gene followed the tiny printed letters on the piece of paper, and read:

"Dear Honeygatherers:—We are coming home on Thursday. Olga has a big surprise for you. I cannot say what it is. I am writing this in the sun-room at the hospital, where the children go to school. Olga and Alec are telling me what to say. Alec is the cripple boy without any folks—the one with curly hair, that I wrote about. Alec says to send Pidgie with this letter, so I will. I had to write this very small to get it all in. I hope you will get it safely and can read it. Olga sends love, and I do, too.

Dot.

"I'll bet that means she can walk and run and everything," said Gene, thinking of the little princess and her surprise.



SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY THE LITTLE PRINCESS CAME DOWN THE CAR STEPS.

"I'll bet we'll see her come hopping off that train as fast as Dot does. Seems as if they'd been gone a year, doesn't it, Raoul! Even if they are girls, I guess we'll be glad to have 'em come back."

"Indeed," nodded Raoul "we shall all be of a great gladness on Thursday. Let us make the welcome at the station of the railway for the little princess and mam'selle Dorothy!"

"That's a great idea!" cried Gene enthusiastically.

"Let's go tell Aunt Olivia the news, and call a meeting of the club, so we can all



ALEC'S PALE FACE LIGHTED UP WITH SMILES WHEN HE SAW ALL THE FRIENDLY BOYS' AND GIRLS' FACES

plan together what to do — something pretty special, it will have to be, so they'll know we're glad to see them!"

Aunt Olivia thought the welcome-home idea a splendid one, and the two boys set out at once to call together the rest of the Honeygatherers for the important meeting. The little princess was coming home — and Thursday was but three days away.

Three days go unbelievably fast when there is lots to do besides wait for them to pass, and Thursday came almost before anyone was ready for it. One by one the Honeygatherers came to the Beehive, and at last, all together, they went away, down to the station to wait for the train that was bringing home Father and Dorothy and the little princess with her big surprise.

Finally came the long, shrill blast that told the waiting boys and girls that the Express was at the crossing, and before long the smoke of the engine puffed around the curve, and the waiting was almost over.

Gene gave a signal, and the Honeygatherers lined up beside the platform, eager to catch the first glimpse of Dorothy and the little princess. And hardly had the long train come to a standstill when Dorothy came bounding off the car steps,

followed by another little girl with the pinkest of pink cheeks and blue eyes that sparkled with delight.

"The princess!" somebody shouted, and the Honeygatherers surged forward.

"Slow there," cautioned Doctor Dandy, who had come along to join in the reception by special invitation. "Don't hurry her. We want to see what this little lady can do." And he gave the little princess his hand with as delightful a bow as Raoul himself could have made. Slowly and carefully the little princess came down the car steps, but everybody could see that she walked as well as any boy or girl in the group around her, except, of course, she walked slowly and carefully because walking was still new to her.

"It is wonderful, mam'selle la princesse," said Raoul.

"I knew you could walk," beamed Gene, pleased at having guessed the surprise, while Yvette threw her arms around the little princess' neck and gave her a big, happy hug, and all the others tried to shake hands and say how glad they were to see her.

"You are so good," smiled the little princess, "and I am so very, very happy. But that I can walk again is not the surprise."

Everybody pressed closer at that, wondering what else the surprise could be, when Father came down the car steps, carrying something in his arms, and a porter followed after with a big wheel chair.

"You see," smiled the little princess, squeezing Doctor Dandy's hand affectionately, "there was so much money, more than I needed, that I thought perhaps you would like to use it for somebody who needed making well much more than I; and so I brought Alec with me. Doctor Freeman said he was willing, and he thinks that the autumn here with us will make Alec well enough to go back to the hospital this winter and have the operation that will cure him. Alec hasn't any father or mother — not anybody at all, and I thought —"

"You did just the right thing," said Gene, "you and Father, and I'm sure the Honeygatherers will be glad to have Alec

here." And he turned to the wheel chair in which Father's big bundle was now resting.

Alec's pale face lighted up with smiles when he saw all the friendly boys' and girls' faces around him.

"This is great," he said, beaming up into Father's face. "I know I'll get well quick if I stay here."

And just then, Dorothy gave a little squeal. "Oh, look, look!" she cried. "Olga! Alec! If it isn't just like the Honeygatherers to plan a welcome-home surprise for us! See!"

And with Gene pushing the wheel chair, and Raoul helping the little princess, and all the Honeygatherers tagging in the rear, Dorothy led the way around the corner of the station where Bingo and Madelon were waiting.

And such a Bingo, and such a Madelon!

The fields were yellow with goldenrod, and the Honeygatherers had picked armfuls of it to decorate the pony cart and the two animals. Bingo wore his circus saddle, trimmed with sprigs of goldenrod and ferns, and Madelon's long ears twitched this way and that against long, plumpy sprays of the yellow flower. Madelon had the honor of being hitched to Bingo's cart, largely because, as we know, she did not like to have anyone ride upon her back; and the cart, too, had been decorated by the patient and loving fingers of the princess' little friends. Goldenrod, flags, crêpe paper — no float in a parade was ever gayer, and no two little girls ever happier than Dorothy and Olga when they scrambled in and took the reins.

Madelon in America did not like swift travelling any better than Madelon in France, and so she just trotted along at her own leisurely pace, which gave all the boys and girls a chance to walk alongside the cart and talk. Gene wanted Alec to ride, too, but Father thought he had best wait for Dom to come with the car. So, much as Alec would have liked to ride behind the little donkey, he waited with Father and Aunt Olivia and Doctor Dandy for Dom. And Gene, after a whispered conference with Raoul, stayed behind, too, with

Bingo, so that Alec, also a guest of honor, though an unexpected one, could have an escort to the beehive.

And if the afternoon had been happy, the evening was still more delightful, for with sunset came the first chill of autumn, and Aunt Olivia suggested a fire in the fireplace, around which they all sat, munching apples and telling stories until Yvette went to sleep and fell off her little stool, so that Maman declared bedtime had come for everybody.

(To be continued)



ACQUIRING LANGUAGE

By Donald Frazer

A darling dear old Dromedary
Sat chewing up a dictionary,
"Why?" asked a wise old Cassowary;
"Improving my vocabulary."





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WHEN SHE got the pig home she put him in the sty,
And made him a bed of clean straw, snug and dry.
With a handful of peas little piggie she fed
And left him all happy and warm in his bed.



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THE SOCIETY OF STAR-GAZERS

By Margherita O. Osborne

"COME down on the beach, children, and we'll start a Star-gazing Club," said Cousin Jimmie, one September night.

Francis and Louis and Anna jumped up and down; it was almost bedtime for them, but the stars were so very bright and full of wonder that Cousin Jimmie begged their mother to let them stay up until quarter past nine. He was studying astronomy at college and he just loved the stars and wanted to share his pleasure with all his friends.

In a few minutes, Cousin Jimmie and the three children were standing on the beach, looking south.

"Who can see the Milk Dipper?" asked Cousin Jimmie.

Nobody answered.

"It's low down in the south and upside down," said Cousin Jimmie.

"Oh, I see it! I see it. I see it!" shouted all three, nearly at once.

"It's almost exactly like the Big Dipper in the north, Cousin Jimmie," said Francis.

"Yes," said Cousin Jimmie, "and do

you know the bright star to the right of the Milk Dipper?"

Nobody answered again, so Cousin Jimmie said, "It's Antares, the heart of the Scorpion. And see if you can find the Scorpion. It really looks just like one."

Anna found it first, with its curling tail barely above the horizon.

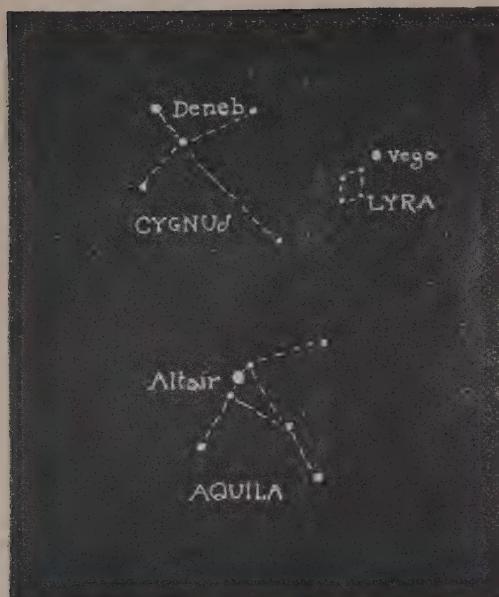
"To the right of the Scorpion," said Cousin Jimmie, "are the four stars of Libra, the Scales, but only three of them can be seen easily."

"And above Libra and still further west is Arcturus. Isn't it beautiful? It's the brightest star in the constellation of Boötes, the Herdsman."

"I know Boötes," said Louis. "He looks just like a kite with two short tails."

"He certainly does," said Cousin Jack, "but remember he's the Herdsman, for that has been his name for a very long time."

"What star is that bright one, high above the Milk Dipper and to the left,



THE EAGLE



THE SCORPION

with a star on each side of it about the same distance away?" asked Francis.

"That's Altair, in the Eagle," answered Cousin Jimmie. "You can always tell Altair by the two equi-distant stars. When we get back to the house I will draw a picture of the Eagle, whose Latin name is Aquila, and then you can pick out the seven stars more easily."

"Now look still higher up in the direction to which the two stars with Altair point and you'll see a beautiful bluish star. Who knows that one?"

"Oh, that's Vega!" cried Anna, "and it's in the Lyre. I can always tell Vega because it's so bright and blue and near the foot of the Northern Cross—on the right side of it."

"Very good, indeed!" exclaimed Cousin Jimmie. "And the Northern Cross is very fine tonight, but rather difficult to look at for long, unless we want to lie down on our backs. Deneb, the brightest star in the Cross, the one at the top, is really an enormous sun, probably a thousand times brighter than ours, but it is one of the most distant of the bright stars—so far away that it takes four

hundred years for its light to reach us."

"Oh, Cousin Jimmie! I cannot think how far away that is!" exclaimed Anna.

"Nobody can! We can only wonder at the immensity of the universe and the Great Plan which holds it in order."

"Who named the stars; Cousin Jimmie?" asked Louis.

"Some of them were named by the Romans and some by Arabian astronomers, but the same stars we study today were known and recorded by Egyptians and Persians, even centuries before the Romans. Temples were built so that the light from certain stars would shine upon their altars on their religious feast days."

"The stars are all suns, burning like ours, some of them many times larger and more brilliant, and no doubt they have planets and worlds, too."

"And are there people on those worlds?" asked Francis.

"Possibly," replied Cousin Jimmie. "Perhaps there are little boys and girls sitting up to look at stars from a world that swings around Deneb, so far away that we cannot imagine the distance!"

SOMETHING TO GUESS

1. What is that which is invisible yet never out of sight?
2. Why is the letter A like 12 o'clock?
3. When is a dog like the minute hand?
4. What belongs to yourself, but is used more by your friends than by yourself?
5. What is the keynote to good manners?
6. What is that which goes from London to New York without moving?
7. Why is an author the queerest animal in the world?
8. Why did the coal scuttle?
9. Why did the dry goods box?
10. Why did the lobster blush?
11. Why is a dollar greenback better than a new silver dollar?
12. What word is pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?
13. Why is a hen crossing the road like a conspiracy?
14. When is a sailor not a sailor?
15. What makes man stingy?
16. What is the difference between Sunday morning and Monday morning?
17. Why is a selfish friend like the letter p?
18. Why is an infant like a diamond?

ANSWERS

1. The letter "I."
2. It's the middle of day.
3. When he is on the watch.
4. Your name.
5. B natural.
6. The road.
7. Because his tale comes out of his head.
8. Because the chimney flue.
9. Because it saw the bargain counter.
10. Because it saw the salad dressing.
11. Because when you fold it you double it and when you open it you find it in-creases.
12. Quick.
13. It is a fowl (foul) proceeding.
14. When he is aboard.
15. The letter "e"—m (e) an.
16. Twenty-four hours.
17. Though first in pity, he is last in help.
18. It is a "dear little thing."



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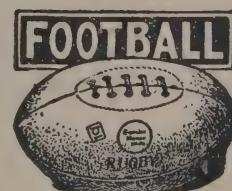
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A RUNAWAY PRINCESS

By Margherita O. Osborne



ANT CASTLE

IT was a busy day in Ant Castle, but Little Princess Ant had nothing to do. Nurses tended her and fed her and watched over her and her sisters all day long.

"Such a stupid life!" Little Princess thought. "Nothing to do but wander around from one room to another, and watch nurses feed the babies and carry them upstairs for air and down again to sleep."

Just as though he were answering her, an idle young courtier, who stood nearby, whispered, "Let's run away!"

Little Princess jumped. It seemed as though he had heard her thinking.

"Hm! Where? You don't know any more about the world than I do, and I've never been out of the castle."

"Well, you have a fine pair of wings, and so have I! Let's try them!"

Princess Ant glanced about at the busy castle people. It seemed strange that her nurses allowed her to talk to this idle fellow.

"At least, let's go up to the dome!" whispered her companion. "It's a beautiful day. Do come!"

"Oh, very well!" Little Princess spoke calmly but she trembled with excitement.

She turned and hurried through the

hall that led to the stairway, but a nurse came bustling up from behind, carrying a dainty lunch of honey.

"Where is your Highness going?"

"Oh, just up to the top of the castle to look out," replied Little Princess, as though it were quite an everyday happening.

"Yes, yes, Your Highness!" replied the nurse. "Just excuse me a minute, please. Perhaps your sisters would like to go, too!"

"Oh, bother take my sisters!" exclaimed the Princess, and she turned and ran lightly through the hall, followed by her tempter.

But it was not easy to escape the attentive nurses. By the time they had reached the dome, there was almost a procession of them following, and at the dome it was even worse, for there were all the sister Princesses and their nurses, who had arrived ahead of Little Princess.

Everybody was much excited. Nurses brought honey and rushed about waiting on their young charges.

Little Princess ran to the highest point of the dome and looked off. It was a glorious day, and many winged creatures were flying high in the air. What use to have wings if one never could use them?

Little Princess stretched hers, fluttered them, and . . . flew off the dome!

And then a strange thing happened: all the other Princesses started to fly, too. And they seemed to have some plan for they kept together and had escorts. But Little Princess was wilful; she and her cavalier kept far ahead of the rest.

What joy to fly! Little Princess was so happy, and so curious! For a long while she and her companion enjoyed their freedom, but at last they began to wonder about going home.

Then a breeze came, and Little Princess rested her tired wings and let the breeze carry her. When she alighted at last, her companion was nowhere to be seen—nor any of her sisters. Little Princess ran this way and that looking for them. She was alone in a strange place.

"Oh dear! What a foolish thing I've done!" she thought. "If only I had stayed with my sisters, we could have helped each other, at least. Now there's no one to do anything for me."

But Little Princess did not waste any time in crying. When she was quite sure that no one was coming to aid her, she did a queer thing. She had watched the busy people of Ant Castle so long that she knew how they worked.

"Wings are wonderful things," she thought, "but they are a hindrance to work."

So Little Princess took off her wings!

Yes, Little Princess unhooked her gauzy wings and left them lying on the ground, and she set to work to build herself a home. She brought twigs and leaves and earth grains, and soon she had a very comfortable house.

How tired she was! But even when she was working hardest, she didn't forget that she was a Princess. No one else would have known to see her that she was anything but a common ant.

When Little Princess felt satisfied with her house and knew the roof was strong

and would not leak, she started to raise a family. She laid eggs and when her babies hatched, she fed them and tended them and taught them to work.

And when they were strong and well-trained, she called them together and said:

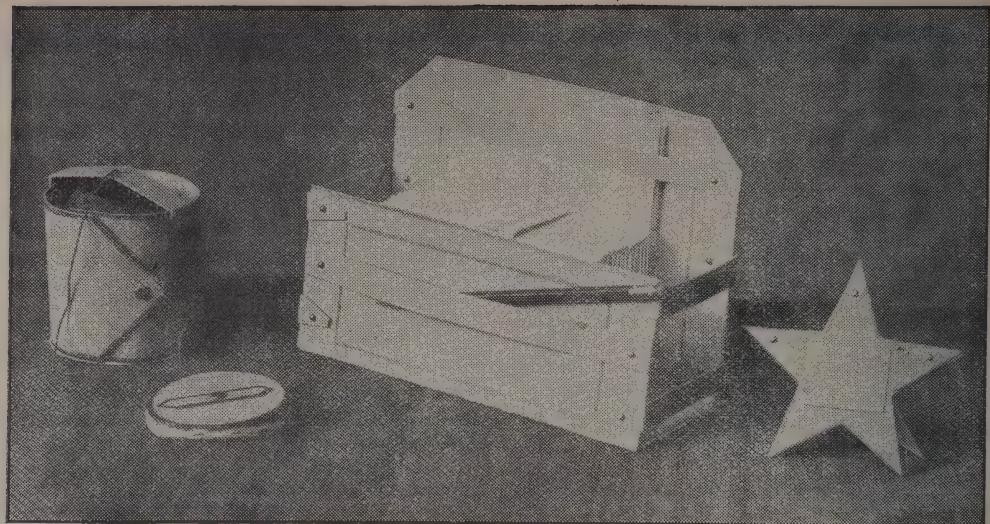
"Children, I am not only your mother; but I am a Princess, too. At least, I was born a Princess, and now I must be your Queen. Henceforth you must do the work of the hive: make the house larger, store food, get cows and look after all the cleaning. I will see that you have plenty of brothers and sisters to help, but you must wait on me and nurse the babies as fast as they hatch. And you must teach them all that I have taught you."

And that's the way Little Princess Ant grew to be a Queen Mother.



THEY SEEMED TO HAVE SOME PLAN





MAKE THIS SET FOR A PRESENT, OR TO USE ON YOUR OWN DESK

HOW TO MAKE A DESK SET

By Patten Beard

A SHEET of heavy mounting-board in brown or gray, or colored cardboard, red, blue or green, will make a pretty desk set. Brass paper clips with round heads, a ruler, pencil and scissors will be needed.

Draw a star pattern, three inches in diameter and cut out two stars. Fasten their three upper points together with brass clips and fold back the lower points so as to make the stand. Paste a small calendar on it.

A cardboard circle, two inches in diameter, will make the penwiper. Three or four circles of chamois or flannel fitted beneath the cardboard, and a strip of pointed cardboard for ornament, must be fastened together with a brass clip, then your penwiper is finished.

For the string box, use a round ice cream box, three inches in diameter. Cut a strip of cardboard large enough to fasten around this box and lap over in a point at the side. Fasten it at the base of the box with four paper clips, and at the point at the side. Cut a strip two inches broad to fit across the top of the box after the ball of string has been placed inside. Point this strip at both ends and fasten it into place with brass clips. Make a hole in the centre of the strip and thread the string through it.

Cut a piece of cardboard eighteen inches long and six inches wide for the paper case. Measure eight inches from one end and rule it off, then score the ruling with your scissors and bend up this section to make the back of the case. Rule off five inches more and bend up the front. Cut four strips, seven inches long by one inch wide, to hold the case in place at the sides, and point them at the ends. The brass paper fasteners must be pressed through the pointed strips at the front and back of the case. Cut a long one-inch piece to fasten over the back of the case and hold your paper upright. Finish this with pointed ends, too. Use paper clips to secure it at each end.

You may make a desk pad with the left-over cardboard. A piece about twenty inches long and fifteen wide must be ruled and scored an inch from each edge. Turn the borders up and fasten them at the corners with brass paper clips. Slip a blotter into the folded edges and your desk pad is complete.

If you like, you may draw an outline near each edge of the articles of your desk set, with a black crayon. Be careful to make the lines even and straight. Your desk set will make a pretty present, or you may enjoy it on your own desk.



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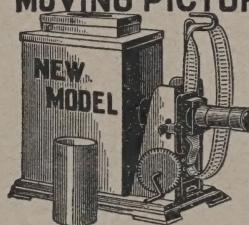
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35 Boys' Life	2.00
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40 Collier's	2.50
x Cosmopolitan	3.00
35 Delineator	2.00
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35 Etude	2.00
55 Everybody's Mag	2.50
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AT THE END OF EVERY DAY.



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* * * *

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